

The Difference Being

by Lady Sangheili

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Summary: Pheobee was just a Medical Officer in the UNSC. Orna was just a Sangheili Ultra for the Covenant. So what happened while they were trapped with each other for months on end? (Love between a human and an Elite. Don't like then I don't wanna hear it.) Rated for adult situations, humor, and language.

1. The End

AN: I should so NOT be getting myself involved with another story. Yet, here I am again. x.x

I swear I don't know why I do this to myselfâ€| Anywho, for those who are as addicted to the Sangheili as I am please, enjoy.

***Moretumee**

â€|

Even if I wanted to try and reflect, I couldn't explain how exactly it had come to thisâ€|

Glancing behind me I could see the shear drop of the cliff leading to the large body of water. The height could have easily been 500 feetâ€| Not a very optimistic numberâ€|

Turning back to my captors I kept my face as blank as I could. The Sangheili General stared at me with what I could only describe as hatred. Looking around further, I saw the other Elites that watched me with, what seemed to be a mixture of curiosity and some other small mixes of emotions. It was still difficult to read their expressions.

All but hate.

I had learned to tell that emotion early onâ€|

The General stepped closer to me, sword not quite in an attacking position but ready at any time to lunge and kill. I found myself only able to stare at it as he drew, slowly, closer. Maybe he was taunting me; maybe he just wanted to scare me before he ended my life, maybe both. All I could manage was a blank stare in his direction.

Even now I didn't hate them. I couldn't. I had seen the power of misunderstandings myself and had fallen to my silly emotions instead of thinking things through. Who was I to judge them on what they thought I deserved?

Maybe I did deserve thisâ€| Feeling those ever present tears threaten to leak from my eyes again, I turned toward the water and looked down at the waves crashing against the rocks below.

I had this coming. No question about it. I had made the worst mistake any human could make and I was about to pay for it.

Behind me, I could hear the plasma from the sword burning the air around it. Must've been only a few feet away now. I closed my eyes and let out a long breath.

Not all was bad. I may have made the mistake but maybe now I would get to be with himâ€|

A silly thing of me to think but even the little comfort it gave me was enough to make me stop shaking. Hadn't even realized I wasâ€|

"_Verminâ€|_" The Generals voice hissed the word as if I were a cockroach in his food. I could only shutter as a shaky breath escaped my lips, bringing more tears with it.

Verminâ€| That's what Orna called me the first few weeks we had known each other. It felt like ages ago, though, thinking about it, I couldn't even remember exactly how long ago.

I felt a presence behind me, and shortly after, an odd buzzing sensation close to the back of my upper arm. I could feel the warmth of the sword as well. Not much time left now.

"Face me, human." The General rumbled in his deep growl of a voice. I paused for a while, continuing to stare at the rocks before finally turning toward my executioner. Craning my neck back I looked up into his eyes, the expression in them made me feel as guilty as he thought I was. "Any last words?" He asked deftly.

Did I have anything to say? Well, sure I didn't want to die but that was too overused to say now. Thinking on there were a few things I wanted to get off my chest, but I hardly wanted to share them with the General. I even considered spitting in his face just to spite him. But when it all came down to it, there was only one thing I needed to say.

I stared squarely in his eyes and spoke with no hesitation, "I regret: nothing." I said the word with power and finality. Not to mention it was true.

The look in his eye told me he understood exactly how I felt about

the situation. His already angered expression turned into one of rage as his foot shot out and hit me square in the chest and I went hurtling over the side of the cliff and began falling.

The loud cracking I had heard when his foot connected to my chest told me he had probably broken a few of my ribs. Blood spilled out of my mouth and I watched it fly upward as its weight wasn't able to keep up with the speed I was falling. I watched as the cliff above me got smaller and smaller and then all too soon my falling came to a stop as I slammed into the water.

Due to the fact that the General kicked me over the edge I had managed to avoid the rocks. Only problem was that my broken ribs restricted my ability to swim considerably. I attempted to try and claw for the surface but the pain that flared in my chest was enough to cripple me. Between the burning in my lungs and the throbbing, white hot, pain in my ribs I simply stopped struggling and pried my eyes open.

I was able to see the sun shining through the water around me, pretty streaks of yellow dotted what I assumed was the surface as it got further away from me. Bubbles around me made their wobbly way to the surface as I watched them feeling a bit detached. The water filled my ears and I could faintly hear the waves above me but it was mostly quiet.

So this is what it felt like to dieâ€| It wasn't that bad really. My instincts were telling me to fight my way for some oxygen but I just couldn't find the resolve to do so. Now that I really thought about it I almost wished I had hit the rocks. At least I wouldn't have to wait for myself to drown. The burning in my lungs was becoming quite uncomfortable.

As I was sinking further and further into the depths of the water it began to get darker around me. I was scared and I really didn't want to die. I still needed to know what happened to Ornaâ€|

'I guess I lied to the Generalâ€|' I mused silently. There were many things I regrettedâ€|

'I regretâ€| Not telling Ornaâ€| That I loved himâ€|' The words repeated themselves in my head over and over again. Despite how hard I had fought those feelings all that time I no longer wanted to hold them backâ€|

I, a human, had fallen in love with Ornaâ€| A Sangheiliâ€|

It had felt so wrong at the time. Stupid really. There would be no where for us to go, nowhere we could be accepted. Not to mention that our very races were in the middle of a bloody war.

My eyes dropped a bit. He probably hadn't felt the same way about me anywayâ€| But now, now that I was going to die, it didn't really matter how anyone felt. I could be honest nowâ€|

It was becoming harder to keep my eyes open, not only was it getting darker around me, my vision was beginning to grow white and fuzzy around the edges. I closed my eyes and finally allowed myself to think about Orna-

When I had first seen him there, bleeding and dying in the caveâ€|_

My eyes opened to slits and I could only faintly see the light shining on the water. I could feel warmth in the corners of my eyes; it vanished but quickly returned and repeated the process. It was apparently possible to cry underwater... Despite how it added pain to my heart, I continued to bask in my memories-

When I had run away, realizing I had feelings for a Sangheiliâ€|_

Yeah, I hated myself for saving him, for letting myself relax around him, for trusting him, for falling in love with himâ€|

Butâ€|

My eyes closed and the warmth continued to escape the corners of my eyes. My body went lax and my brain began shutting down from the lack of oxygen.

I didn't regret any of it.

My world went black.

â€|

Story Fun Fact 1-

This story is going to be set in Forge World; the canyon to be precise. (I are so original. Herr...)

2. Not So Alone

AN: While my internet was out I mostly worked on this story. Ugh, I do this every time I start a new story; I work on it and practically forget about my others. I swear I'm such an idiot sometimesâ€| Okay, all the time.

Also, you'll have to excuse my sloppy military information. I really don't feel like looking into that for fear of getting sidetracked yet again. x.x

To Guest: There's even less Sangheili romance to find. D:

To Makkenna: Daww. Thanks, it's reviews like that that give me the drive to want to update more. :3

â€|

Even if I tried to think about it, I couldn't remember how it had come to thisâ€|

I hefted a heavy sigh and laid back against my warm rock, watching the clouds. Losing one's memory sucked hard balls no doubt about it. Sure, I hadn't lost all of it; I could still remember my name: Pheobee Parker (Bee for short).

I could still remember growing up: Living with my mom, Brenda Helms,

and two younger brothers, Robert McConnell and Garret Wilson. We all had different fathers. As it turns out; it's hard for a man to love a woman who had to move around a lot due to various military stationing's. Of course, at our age it didn't matter, we were siblings and we cared for each other. End of story.

I remember my mom's rank: Lieutenant third class, Sniper for Delta Squad. She would be stationed on various planets always taking us with her. We'd even lived on an orbital settlement for a while.

Naturally, her children would be greatly influenced by her military skills that we all joined the UNSC. I remembered wanting to be just like my mom, a sniper. I remembered the special training I undertook to become a marksman. Of course as it would turn out, I couldn't aim a gun for shit... I hopped around divisions after that bombshell. Vehicle Specialist, Weapons Maintainer, Pilot, all kinds of things before Robert finally suggest I try the medical field.

I was skeptical at first, I wasn't really a helping kind of person but quickly found that I enjoyed saving lives. Not to mention I was able to be a field medic and not cause catastrophes.

I could remember the boys I'd usually be assigned to would always call me an annoying nickname. I found myself scowling at the memory of the name. "P.P." My initialsâ€| The guys never let me live it down.

Letting out another sigh I sat up and looked out over the open water. The waves splashed against my rock and the shore behind me.

I also remembered the day my mom died. We had both been assigned to the same battle cruiser on its way to the planet Harvestâ€| It was attacked when we exited slip space.

We'd just met in the ship's cargo hold and were planning on going through the ship, she would watch my back and I would assist the crew as was needed.

â€| I had seen the shift in the air behind her and reached my hand out to try and warn her. Only to watch helplessly as her head was lopped off and went bouncing across the floor away from us. Her body stayed standing for a moment longer then fell to the ground in a lifeless heap.

Her blood had splattered most of my out-stretched arm, my face, and my upper body. The Elite that had killed her came out of camo and stared down at me. I knew what this Elite was, an Ultra. Their armor, color and helmet shape, were unique to that rank.

I fell to my knees by my mom's body and stared at the lifeless corpse in shock. Not a moment later I noticed the Elite's feet come into my line of sight, walking toward me. My eyes shifted to the weapon at my mom's side and, waiting for the Elite to get a bit closer to me, I grabbed the barrel of the gun and rose to my feet, smashing the weapon to the side of its face with as much force as I could muster.

While it was momentarily stunned I tackled into it, taking us both to the ground. I raised the rifle above its neck and was about to pull

the trigger when it used it's free hand to swat me across the face, sending me sprawling across the floor. I didn't have long to worry as some of the cargo loaders rushed in and overpowered the Eliteâ€|

That particular battle had ended badly. More than Â¾ of the crew was lost that day, the only reason the rest of us lived was because we had managed to be in range of another battle cruiser. With its help we were able to fend off the attack and escape.

I tilted my head back and felt the breeze blow my hair about my face. It had been hard, despite what my brothers told me I still blamed myself for not being able to warn her in time.

After that, I got pretty used to being on the battle field with the marines. Death was pretty commonâ€| There was one thing that made it a little worthwhile. Iâ€| Enjoyed watching the elites die. It felt a tad wrong that I liked watching them die but it put a smile on my face none the less.

I could remember being assigned to a new platoon on Reach thenâ€| Nothing. My mind was blank. No matter how hard I tried to think and remember, nothing came up. All I could recall was waking up on this strange Island. And, as far as I was aware, completely alone. There was this strange structure up the mountain to the north but it was just too much of a hike for me to attempt alone.

So I was stuck here for the time being. I just hoped that that time wasn't too long. It already felt like eons but I'm sure it was harder to tell the passage of time when the sun never set. It only grew dark when it rained and when it rained, boy did it _rain_. How the island didn't get flooded regularly was beyond me.

I laid back against my rock and basked in the sun and sighed. Everything wasn't all bad. I had a few days of rations left and I'd found these berries that look like blueberries with these weird orange sprouts growing out of the top. It was probably stupid of me to just eat something that I had no idea of what it was but I'd done it and was no worse for the wear.

I stretched out my back and let out a small yawn. A little nap wouldn't hurtâ€|

As I dozed off I hadn't even noticed the dark clouds that had rolled in from the sea.

â€|

In the movies you always see someone get roused from sleep by a single drop of water hitting them on the nose or something fruity like that.

No.

For me, I was awakened as the rain was already at a down pour and I was soaked to the bone.

With a few colorful words I quickly got off my rock and ran for the cave. It'd probably be colder but at least I could get a fire going and warm up faster in there.

It was a bit dark but I'd learned the layout of the canyon pretty well in my time here. It didn't take long for me to find the entrance and without hesitation I ran inside and shook myself out letting a small chilled noise escape my lips. I tilted my head to the side and wrung my hair out the best I could then shook my head side to side to let it air out a bit.

Once that was done I rubbed my arms to warm them and looked around, trying to remember where I'd left my pile of firewood exactly.

I took a few steps in when lightning struck frighteningly close to my cave. But what caused my heart to practically stop beating was what lit up in the cave. The flash had only lasted for a moment or two but I had no doubts about what I saw.

A body. Too big to be humanâ€| An Elite's body.

I dove for the rock next to me and peered from the side. It felt like my lungs just gave up on me as I stared at the body on the cave floor. Even as I hid behind my rock I knew there was no way it hadn't heard me enter. It remained still to my utter horror. Was it dead? It couldn't have been there for very long. I'd been in the cave just this morningâ€| Was it waiting for me to get a closer look? Ha! It wasn't going to catch me off guard.

I pulled the magnum from my thigh and checked the chamber; it was loaded and ready. Glancing around the edge of the rock again I took two deep breaths then turned the corner sharply and aimed my weapon at the unmoving body. Still nothing; no movement, not even a twitch.

With only a slightly trembling hand I switched the light on the end of the gun. That was when I saw all the blood. Its own blood, the thick purple stuff was everywhere; on its face, pooled beneath it, and a trail down to the entrance of the cave. It stopped where the rain poured from the top.

Glancing back at the body I whispered, "What the hell happened to you...?" I shined the flashlight around the cave a bit more and noticed a pile of white armor not too far from the Elite and narrowed my eyes. An Ultra. Whatever had happened served it right.

I mellowed out a bit and looked back at the trail of blood. I bent down and ran my fingers through it. My fingers were stained with it but only faintly. It couldn't have been more than 20 minutes oldâ€| As I wiped my hand on my pants I also realized it dragged itself into the cave, the drag pattern confirmed it.

Standing back up I took a few more confident steps toward the body and abruptly stopped about two feet away. Now that I was closer I could actually see and hear it.

The Elite was still alive.

Its breaths were raggedy and shallow and its chest rose only slightly, signs of weakness from blood loss. Even weakened this creature was still a threat. I pointed my magnum toward its head and rested my finger on the triggerâ€| And I hesitated.

My own breath got ragged as a cold sweat formed on my brow. What was stopping me? Nothing, absolutely nothing, except my own fear, but no matter how much pressure I put behind my hand I couldn't pull the damn trigger. I swallowed and wet my lips while my mind screamed at me. 'Pull the damn trigger. Just shoot it in the face then it'll be over.'

So why couldn't I? I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to calm my breath-

"**Do it human.**"

I screamed and jumped, the resulting force firing off my weapon. Staring wide eyed I shined the light back to the Elite.

It was now glaring at me with narrowed golden eyes. My gun shook a bit more as I stared back stupidly, unable to move beyond the trembling. "You missed."

I was aware of that. I was also aware that I had removed my finger from the trigger but I couldn't find the resolve to put it back. What was wrong with me..?

The Elite remained where he was, still breathing shallow, ragid breaths, and the more I listened to it the more it sounded labored. My eyes traveled from its face down to the torso. I was no expert on their anatomy but I was fairly certain that it wasn't supposed to have the various scar and laceration looking marks all over its body that shined with fresh blood.

My eyes shot back up to its face when it spoke again. "***Coward. Finish me off!***"

The insult was enough to at least draw words from my mouth. "I'm no coward." It was little more than a whisper. How convincing!

The Elite let out a short breath which was followed by a pained coughing sound and more of its blood shot from its mouth.

The sound was shockingly familiar; just like a solider with internal bleeding, dying on the battlefield. To my dismay I immediately wanted to try and help it. To help my enemy!

Like an idiot I turned toward the entrance. I laid the magnum down, with the light pointing toward the elite and spoke to it behind my back, "Wait here." Like he was going anywhere. And abruptly ran from the cave.

I wasn't entirely sure what I intended to do, how I could help, or even why I was trying. The damn thing was probably going to kill me once I got close enough. It was its own damn fault. I was going to kill it, I truly was, but once it spoke to me, talked to me as if we weren't supposed to be tearing each other's throats out by then, I couldn't help it.

Not to mention I was very able to fire at something that was attacking me. Something everyone else around me was trying to kill as well. But to fire at and unarmed, wounded, dying creature? Even if this creature was my greatest enemy I just couldn't do it. Maybe I was a coward!

Now was hardly the time for second thoughts though. I'd already dug my grave, might as well see how deep I could go.

I hadn't left my medical supplies too far. Just in this small tunnel looking thing near the south beach.

I got to my backpack and grabbed the hat sitting on top of it, pulling my hair back and putting it on. A bit of a habit of mine when I knew I was about to treat a patient. It wasn't until I began packing my supplies up that I realized something: whatever wounded that elite so badly might still be near. My hands slowed their movements as my ears strained to make out any kind of noise. I could only hear the rain pouring and that sent a wave of panic through me.

What if it was waiting for me? I turned my head a bit to the side and looked for movement outside in the rain as my hands kept shuffling inside the kit.

What if it was dispatched unit? At that I stood up and looked out into the valley. If it was I could find out where I am and maybe get back to where I'm actually supposed to be.

I bit my lip, unsure of what to do. If it was some unknown enemy then I'd be walking toward my deathâ€œ! And even if it was UNSC these storms are not to be taken lightly. It gets so bad sometimes it's hard to see the ground at your very feet.

Another flash of particularly close lightning struck and I flinched. Stupid stormâ€œ! Taking a deep breath to calm myself I turned back around and closed my supplies up, put it to my chest, and wrapped my arms around it.

I walked to the edge of the tunnel and glanced around. It was already hard to make out what was only a few feet in front of me. I sighed and bolted out in the rain, knowing where the cave was by heart from my previous experiences with these storms.

Once I was back to the cave I realized it was probably pretty stupid of me for leaving my weapon with the elite, but my fears went away when I walked back in and saw that it hadn't moved in the slightest since I left. Taking a few steps in I could hear the water dripping off me and the rain outside but was surprised to find I was relieved when I could still hear it breathing.

I grabbed my gun and when the light moved from its face for a moment it opened its eyes and followed my slow movement. When I was somewhat beside it I lowered to my knees and set my supplies beside me. Then, taking the light from the gun I snapped it to the clamp at the side of my hat and began digging through the backpack, laying out what I knew I would need.

The Elite's deep rumble of a voice drew me from my thoughts, "/*What are you doing?*/"

I paused, considering on whether or not to answer. "â€œ I'm going to clean the blood off you..." I whispered softly.

It didn't seem to have a response to that. I took a cloth and poured

water from my canteen onto it and setting the canteen down I scooted closer to the elite, more than aware that it was watching me closely. I took a steady breath then lowered the cloth to its abdomen.

It hissed and I could hear what I could only describe as a growl in its throat and my hand pulled back. When it quieted again I put the cloth back. This time it hissed softly but I kept my hand pressed and gently dabbed the wounds on its stomach, cleaning the blood. When the rag had soaked up all the blood it could (which only took a few secondsâ€¦) I rinsed it with fresh water and repeated the process.

While the rag soaked up blood I took a chance and glanced to the elites face. It was staring directly at meâ€¦ but I was fairly certain it couldn't see me looking back due to the light pointing toward it. Still made me feel nervous knowing it was watching me thoughâ€¦

Once I finished with its chest I began work on the arm closest to me. I started on the upper arm, just below the shoulder. When I went to rinse the cloth again the elite shot his hand out and grabbed my forearm, pulling me toward its face. I gasped and my eyes went wide but that was as far as my reaction went.

Our faces were mere inches apart as the light shined to the side of his face, it lighting up the area around us enough that there was no doubt he could see my face.

My heartbeat picked up in terror and I found my voice couldn't even go to a whisper as I breathed, "Ifâ€¦ If you're going to kill me do it quickly." Was I asking for it? What was wrong with meâ€¦

Its eyes narrowed and I felt the hand on my arm tighten. Leaving me no room to escapeâ€¦

â€¦

Story Fun Fact 2-

All information Halo related was taken from Halopedia.

3. First Impression

AN: This story is becoming more popular than I thought it would.

To Baldore: So you've got to study them closely? They usually throw things at me when I watch for too longâ€¦

To The Didact: I won't fail you again.

AnonymousXI: :3 I didn't know my crap writing could affect someone like this.

EliteSangheili: Your name, I approve.

And a big thank you to all my reviewers. Your encouraging words always give me that drive to write. Even if the review is months old I look back on them and they make me smile.

â€|

The elite's eyes stared into my own. Its golden color captivated me and almost made me forget I was probably about to get my windpipe crushed or something to that effect. The mandibles on its face swayed just a bit, the movement catching my eye. When it did speak the suddenness of it startled me. "I'm curious as to why you haven't killed me yet."

With that said the elite released my arm and I immediately sat back up, putting space between our faces. I took a shaky breath and the elite spoke again, "Are you mad? Or perhaps you do not know what I am."

Its voice was so deep and still so authoritative even weakened. I wet my lips and tried to calm my raging fear. "Iâ€|" my voice was soft, "I know exactly what you are." I went back to work on the arm and finished cleaning the blood there before I continued. "And I'm not mad." Yeah rightâ€|

My enemy was quiet as I rummaged through my pack for gauze pads and wrappings. The only other sound in the cave, aside from the rain, was its ragged breathing and my own racing heart. I started on the arm I recently cleaned and found I had to use all the strength I had in one arm to lift his while I attempted to wrap it. A single arm was almost all I could lift. Damn was it heavy.

As I struggled with its weight the elite huffed at me and my eyes found his again. "Enough with your fussing, human." It seemed annoyed as it glared at the wall with what looked like frustration.

My own eyes narrowed, my hands still paused in their wrappings. "It's not fussing; you'll go into shock or worse if you don't get at least wrapped up."

The elites eyes closed and its head lay back against the cave floor. "Then I will die with honor..."

I deadpanned, I mean I had been told that Elites were very honor bound but to die just because the only help to be offered was the enemies seemed silly to me. "Bleeding to death in a cave isn't very honorable."

It's eyes found mine and the growling sound started in his throat again.

I found myself shrinking away from it but I kept my hands where they were. After a moment of fear my eyes found it's again. The elite still looked angry. "What would you know of honor?"

My eyes shifted away again as I actually considered. Eventually, I went back to wrapping his arm. "I guess I wouldn't." I whispered. "But I was raised to do what I thought was the right thing. And I believe that not letting you die in this cave is the right thing."

My enemy got quiet again and I chanced another glance at it. He was staring at the opposite wall again. That angry expression was still

there but it was much less intense, like he was thinking deeply about something. I lowered my eyes again and, with genuine curiosity, I asked, "What happened to you?"

The elite remained silent and I peeked at him under my lashes. The agitated expression returned and its eyes closed once more. "***That is none of your concern Vermin.***"

That time it was my turn to get angry. "Hey, I get that you don't like me and all but I've done nothing to deserve the name calling." I openly glared down at the wounded elite as it returned my gaze with a steady look so I continued. "Now be quiet and let me concentrate. I'm not used to working onâ€| Your kindâ€|" I bit my tongue as soon as the words had slipped out.

Surprisingly enough the elite didn't react any more than just closing its eyes and letting out a sigh that was hard for me to tell if he was tired of me talking or physically tired. "***I would not expect you to be.***" The response was short and quipped, probably time for me to take a hint and shut up myself. My curiosity however, both medical and personal, was driving me to talk to him more.

"Well, whatever happened to you," I started while tying a knot at the end of his arm wrappings. I did so a bit harder than I would tie up a human patient. I was a little worried I might've hurt it but its face remained unchanged. I prided myself on being good at this and was even told I had a gentle touchâ€| Even if I managed to break most mechanical objects if I simply looked at them funny. "It sure gave you a hell of a beatingâ€|" My thoughts got back on track as I gave his body a once over. "Blunt force trauma to some internal organs if I had to guess from the blood you coughed up. You, uhâ€| You might want to get to one of your doctors as soon as you can."

It stopped me there. "***I would never allow a doctor to touch me with their blasphemous hands**." Its voice nothing more than a threatening hiss.

I blinked down at the Elite, choosing what I should and shouldn't say carefully. Though it could easily put together that I was a doctor by what I've already said. Though I assume the only reason he hadn't was due to how exhausted he was. "I see. Why is that?"

"***That is also none of you concern**." Was the response I got.

Huffing through my nose and letting my eyes roll, I laid its arm back down as gently as I could and took a long drag of air. Readjusting my position I sat cross-legged next to my injured enemy while putting away my supplies.

I was unaware that the Elite raised its head to look at what I was doing and it suddenly let out some kind of weak sounding roar. My body reacted and I pushed with my legs, getting about half a yards distance between us as my eyes found its face, shining the light to it.

Its eyes were wide and bright with fury. "***You!***" It's voice was filled with the rage as well. I stared unblinking in fear. "***You are a doctor! Vermin! Filth!***" It continued spitting what I could only assume were more insults at me in, what I also assumed, its own

language. While still swearing at me it tried to roll itself into an upright position toward me and I scooted back until I hit the opposite cave wall, my eyes still wide with fear. I never even once considered reaching for my weapon.

The Elite managed to roll to its side, just barely bracing itself by one shaky arm while the freshly bandaged one was trapped beneath it. He turned his head down and began hacking more blood up as his breathing sped up as well. It wasn't too long after its arm gave out and he rolled back to where it started, on its back panting heavily from exhaustion.

I remained alert for a while longer but all the Elite did was manage to calm its breathing some, eyes focused on the cave ceiling. Once I was certain he wasn't going to attack me in the imitate future I pulled my legs close to me and shivered. I also started to pay more attention to my surroundings and looked to the cave entrance. The water poured from the top like a waterfall now. Sounded like one tooâ€|

Rubbing my pant leg a bit I looked at the Elite again. It had its eyes closed at it breathed deeply, I assumed it was sleeping but it still had a bit of a distressed look. I settled into a comfortable position and watched it closely. That was something I was also good at. Monitoring my patients for hours on end, watching for a change in their condition. I'd get sore for staying still for so long, yeah, but it was worth it when I was ready if they were slipping into cardiac arrest or worseâ€|

The Elite stayed stable for about an hour in his fitful sleep. It did eventually wake with a violent shiver, looking around a bit as if confused then finally looking at my shining light with realization. "***You're still here?***" It asked while looking away and sounding annoyed.

Arching my back a bit to stretch the muscles I responded with as much sarcasm as I could manage with how tired I was, "Yep." Which wasn't muchâ€| I almost considered asking it the same question but it even sounded stupid in my head. I was beyond tired at this point but I was fairly certain I wasn't going to be able to fall asleep, what with the fact that I was not only cold but there was an enemy in the cave with me.

When I thought about how cold I was I gave another little shiver. I never did get that fire startedâ€| A noise from the Elite brought my eyes back to it. From what I could guess it was trying to get up but was having a hard time. It finally gave up and just exhaled deeply then gave a shiver. Things were probably about to get bad but I had to do something.

"Look umâ€|" Its head swiveled to me and I found I had to look at something else. "You've lost a lot of bloodâ€| And it's a bit cold right now-"

The elite interrupted me there. "***Why did you not start a fire**?"

I glanced back at it with a nervous smile; it slipped my mind that it couldn't see my face due to the light on my head. "Well I was going to but then I hadâ€| Other things on my mind." Like saving you, you

ungrateful jerkâ€| It remained quiet so I took a shaky breath and continued. "But what I'm saying is that you need to get warm or-"

I was interrupted again. "***Then start a fire**." From the tone of his voice it seem like _he _was the one getting agitated.

AssHOLE.

It took me having to bite my tongue to not make a frustrated noise myself. "The wood will be way too damp to try now. It hasn't stopped raining and probably won't stop till morning." I readjusted my sitting position again and continued once more. "Now we need to get you warmer or you'll go into shock from your blood loss. You're lucky you haven't already."

Its eyes narrowed and I swallowed in nervousness. "***What would you suggest I do then**?" He said it like there was nothing to be done and that I was just being stupid.

That angered me enough to give me some courage to more or less spit it out. "Well, if we were toâ€| Share our body heat then maybe-"

"***ABSOLUTLY NOT**!" The Elites eyes flared in rage.

The sudden raise in his temper caused me to flinch away from him but his refusal of my further help flared my own temper. "There's a big chance of you dying if we don't get you warmed up. You've seemed to at least stabled out since we got you bandaged up." With that said I stood up and took a few steps toward it.

The Elite was not pleased. "***If you dare touch me further I will kill you**."

It sounded pretty serious but I wasn't about to let him know I was afraid. "What are you going to do, bite me to death? You're in no position to be threatening as hurt as you are."

"***If that is what it will take then yes**." Its eyes kept trained on me, daring me to make a move.

I was way too tired to put up with it further so I got to my knees next to him again. He visibly shifted away from me and I sighed. "Look, we don't have a lot of options right now. You can kill me later but whatever attacked you-" My voice cut off as his eyes narrowed and his body stiffened up. I forced my voice to keep going to play like I wasn't afraid. "Might still be out there and I want to be ready if it shows up. To do that I'll need some sleep. And you're going to need sleep if you want to have the energy to kill me later."

The Elite remained quiet and looked off at the wall. I exhaled deeply and could see my breath fog the air that shined in the light. I could also feel the cold cave floor seep through my pant legs which made me realize he was probably losing even more heat due to the cave floor. "I have a change of clothes and some leaves in the corner that I've been using as a bedâ€|" I looked at them for a while then back to the elite. His head was turned toward my bed. "I could move them closer so you can lay on them.. No way I can carry- What are you doing?!" My body reacted and I scooted away from him as he began to move. Had he finally decided to attack me? Serves me right for helping him in the

first placeâ€|

With what I assumed could only be the last of his energy he turned to his stomach and slowly rose on shaky arms. He remained held up by those wobbly limbs for a while before finally swinging a leg around (nearly beaning the side of my head) and pushed up to his legs. The momentum almost had him falling backwards but I surged to my own feet and, using all the strength I could muster, I pushed against his back and then his side to help support him. I expected him to lash out at me or to tell me not to touch him or something but what he did do, or lack thereof, surprised me.

He simply laid a hand on my shoulder and pushed me away. He began walking forward toward the bed with unsteady steps, looking like he could fall at any minute. It took all I had to keep myself from trying to help again. When he did eventually make it he simply lowered to his knees roughly. It was then that I rushed forward and attempted to catch hold of the elite before his face slammed into the ground.

I was unsuccessfulâ€|

It completely slipped my mind that the guy was twice my weight and I just ended up falling onto his back. After a moments scrambling I rolled off him breathing curses and apologies. "/*Weaklingâ€|*/" He muttered.

"Well, excuse me but you're heavy as hellâ€|" I responded as I looked him over. Once I was satisfied that he hadn't torn any wounds I went back to my main problem: summoning up the courage to lie beside an elite.

My attention went back to him when he grunted with the effort of pushing himself onto his back. With a little shifting he was able to get to his side but that seemed all he was able to do. It was now or neverâ€| With a little nervous nibble of my lip I got up behind the elite and laid on my side as well, with my back to him. I shimmied a bit and pressed our backs together. The elite twitched away from my touch at first but eventually relaxed again.

I let out a shaky breath as I felt my face warm up a bit. The elite wasâ€| quite warmâ€| I found myself wondering again if it was due to fever but, again, I didn't bother asking. What I wanted to do was kick off my boots and turn toward the warmth. I then wanted to slap myself for being so dramatic. I may have missed having another living being to talk to but this was just ridiculous. To seek comfort from my enemyâ€| I was, indeed, losing my mind.

It wasn't till a little later that I could hear the elite's breathing deepen that I realized he was asleep. I let out a small sigh and looked to the cave entrance. The thunder had pretty well dulled and I could only faintly see flashes of lightning every now and then. The rain hadn't let up at all though. Probably wouldn't till early morning.

Closing my eyes, I listened to the sounds of the rain. Rain always did relax me... Mom tooâ€|

â€|

**AN: Brilliant place to leave off isn't it? **

**Anyway, it took longer than it should have for this update. I have no excuse and I'm not even going to try and make one. I'm lazy.
:**

End
file.